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A

POEM

TO THE

DIVINE MAJESTY.

By WILIAM PRESTON, late Writer to the Signet.

EDINBURGH.

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POEM
TO THE
DIVINE MAJESTY.

Job xi. 7. *Canſt thou by ſearching find out GOD? Canſt thou find out the ALMIGHTY unto Perfection?*

8. *It is as high as Heaven, what canſt thou do? deeper than Hell, what canſt thou know?*

9. *The Meaſure thereof is longer than the Earth, and broader than the Sea.*

WHILST other Poets Female Charms admire,
Too mean to tranſport, and too low t' inſpire;
Aloft they ſoar, and ranſack Heav'n, to raiſe
Their fav'rite Idols, with blaſphemous Praiſe:
The Sum of Beauty I reſolve to ſing,
To THEE alone, th' ador'd ALMIGHTY KING;
Whoſe vaſt Perfections, with Succeſs to reach,
Exceeds the Power of Fancy and of Speech.

My brittle Frame muſt firſt diſſolve, my Soul,
Muſt range beyond the Limits of the Pole,
And there behold immortal Glories ſhine,
E'er I can form an Idea ſo divine.
Vouchſafe THY Aid, unfathom'd Myſtery!
Infinite! unit! and unnumber'd Three!
Elſe all's too meaſ, my grov'ling Verſe eſſays,
And vain th' Attempt to ſing THY boundleſs Praiſe.

O BEING uncompounded! ONE, unſeen,
Unbody'd, whom no Limits can contain!
Nature's vaſt Bounds THY MAJESTY proclaim,
Great in the Depths, as in th' Ætherial Frame,
Higher or lower, greater or yet leſs,
Are Terms in THEE, which nothing do expreſs;
To Things terreſtrial, ſuch Deſcriptions fall,
THOU perfect art throughout, and all in all.

THY Goodneſs, LORD, no Quantity can rate,
Nor Greatneſs; without Quantity THOU'rt great:
At THY Duration I but faintly aim,
Who, without Time, eternal THEE proclaim:
Subſtantial Life, which Death can ne'er undo,
Strength, never to be made with Weakneſs bow;
Truth, without Falſhood, preſent ev'ry Where,
Untied, by Space, to a peculiar THERE.

WITHOUT Extenſion, THOU extend'ſt to all,
In Heav'n, and Hell, and this terreſtrial Ball.

THY Eſſence, is through all THY Works convey'd,
THY SELF unmov'd, whilſt THOU doſt all pervade,
And while THY Creatures of THY Fulneſs ſhare,
Infinite Bounty cannot that impair;

Nought is ſecluded THY extenſive Reign,
Which, without Labour, ſtill THOU doſt ſuſtain.

A powerful FIAT was pronounc'd by THEE,
THOU unbegun, then all began to be
Subject to Change: THY own eternal Throne
Immutability adorns alone;
Pure and unmix'd, without the leaſt Alloy,
What Change can alter, or what Pow'r deſtroy?

ABOVE, below, the whole Creation round,
Form, Order, Beauty, Harmony abound;
From what unſearched Thought do theſe proceed?
They are, by Wiſdom infinite, decreed:
And THOU, that Wiſdom art, THOU ſpak'ſt, they ſprung,
And ſtill THY Pow'r preſerves, and keeps them young.

THY boundleſs Knowledge comprehendeth all
That ever yet befel, or can befal;

Paſt, preſent, future, are alike to THEE,
Who firſt foreſaw'ſt, and ſee'ſt, and doſt foreſee
What was, what is, what ſhall hereafter be.

VOID of Oblivion, nothing is forgot,
Or, by Reflection, back to Mem'ry brought,
That e'er exiſted in THY boundleſs Thought.

OMNISCIENCE and OMNIPOTENCE combine
In THEE, to make unbiaſs'd JUSTICE ſhine;
Thoughts, Words, and Actions to the firſt are clear,
And in Uprightneſs or in Guilt appear:
THY JUSTICE, Pain or Pleaſure ſhall impart,
To puniſh Sin, or to reward Deſert;
All in an equal and a due Degree,
For perfect JUSTICE only reigns in THEE.

ART THOU ſo juſt, and have I dar'd to ſin?
I have: Remorſe corrodes my Heart within.

Methinks I see THY Arm already bare,
To hurl Deſtruction and to dart Deſpair;
Eternal Flames glow dreadful in my View,
How can I ſhun what Guilt has made my Due?
Muſt I a Prey to angry JUSTICE fall?
JUSTICE that doth aloud for Vengeance call.
And is there no Reprieve, no Succour near,
No Attribute in God for me t' appear!
Yes, DIVINE LOVE diſplays a milder Grace,
MERCY unfolds the Sinner to embrace,
MERCY through CHRIST alone to be obtain'd,
When TRUE REPENTANCE hath his Favour gain'd:
For TRUE REPENTANCE I prefer my Pray'r,
Beſeeching THEE, through CHRIST, my Suit to hear;
As MERCY doth o'er all THY Works preſide,
DEAR LORD, let that in me be glorified.

FINIS.

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